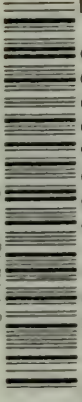


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THE COMPLAYNT

OF
Rosamond.

THE BOOKWORM'S GARNER.—II.

THE COMPLAYNT

OF

Rosamond.

BY SAMUEL DANIEL.



At London.

Printed by I. C. for Si-
mon Waterson, dwelling in
Paules Church-yard at
the signe of the Crowne.

1592.



Edinburgh:

E. & G. GOLDSMID.

—
1887.

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No. 88.

E. G. Goldsmith

12th OCTOBER, 1887.

NOTICE.



There were two editions of the "Complaynt" in 1592, issued with "Delia: Certaine Sonnets," (see Bookworm's Garner, No. I.), the first having the words "At the signe of the Crowne" as part of the imprint; a third edition appeared in 1594. In 1601 and 1603, folio editions of Daniel's Works appeared, and a quarto in 1623. The latter is the basis of the present text. Lines 99 to 105 were first introduced in the edition of 1601, and lines 614 to 770 in that of 1594.

E. GOLDSMID.



THE COMPLAINT OF
ROSAMOND.



O'vt from the horror of infernall deepes,
My poore afflicted ghost comes here to plain it,
Attended with my shame that neuer sleepes,
The spot wherewith my kind, and youth did staine it.
My body found a graue where to containe it :
A sheete could hide my face, but not my sin,
For Fame findes neuer Tombe t'inclose it in.

And which is worse, my soule is now denied,
Her transport to the sweet Elisian rest,
The ioyfull blisse for Ghosts repurified, 10
The euer-springing Gardens of the blest :
Caron denies me waftage with the rest.

And saies my soule can neuer passe the Riuer,
Till Loners sighs on earth shall it deliuer.

So shall I neuer passe ; for how should I
Procure this sacrifice amongst the liuing :
Time hath long since worne out the memorie
Both of my life, and liues vniust depriuing :
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing.

Rosamond hath little left her but her name, 20
And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the same.

No Muse suggests the pittie of my case,
Each Pen doth ouerpasse my iust complaint,
Whilst others are prefer'd, though farre more base ;
Shores wife* is grac'd, and passes for a Saint ;
Her Legend iustifies her foule attaint.

Her well-told tale did such compassion finde,
That she is pass'd, and I am left behinde.

Which seene with grieve, my miserable Ghost,
(Whilome inuested in so faire a vaile, 30
Which whilst it liu'd, was honoured of the most,
And being dead, giues matter to bewaile,
Comes to sollicite thee, (whilst others faile)
To take this taske, and in thy wofull song
To forme my case, and register my wrong.

* Jane Shore.



Although I know thy iust lamenting Muse,
Toill'd in th'affliction of thine owne distresse,
In others cares hath little time to vse,
And therefore maist esteeme of mine the lesse :
Yet as thy hopes attend happy redresse, 40
 The ioyes depending on a womans grace,
 So moue thy minde a wofull womans case.

Delia may hap to deigne to reade our Story,
And offer vp her sighs among the rest,
Whose merit would suffice for both our glory,
Whereby thou might'st be grac'd and I be blest ;
That indulgence would profit me the best.
 Such powre she hath by whom thy youth is led,
 To ioy the liuing, and to lesse the dead.

So I (through beauty) made the wofull'st wight, 50
By beauty might haue comfort after death :
That dying fairest, by the fairest might
Finde life aboue on earth, and rest beneath.
She that can lesse vs with one happy breath,
 Giue comfort to thy Muse to doe her best,
 That thereby thou mayst ioy, and I might rest.

Thus said : forthwith mou'd with a tender care,
And pittie (which my selfe could neuer find,)
What she desir'd, my Muse deign'd to declare,
And therefore, will'd her boldly tell her mind. 60
And I (more willing) tooke this charge assign'd,
 Because her griefes were worthy to be knowne,
 And telling hers, might hap forget mine owne.



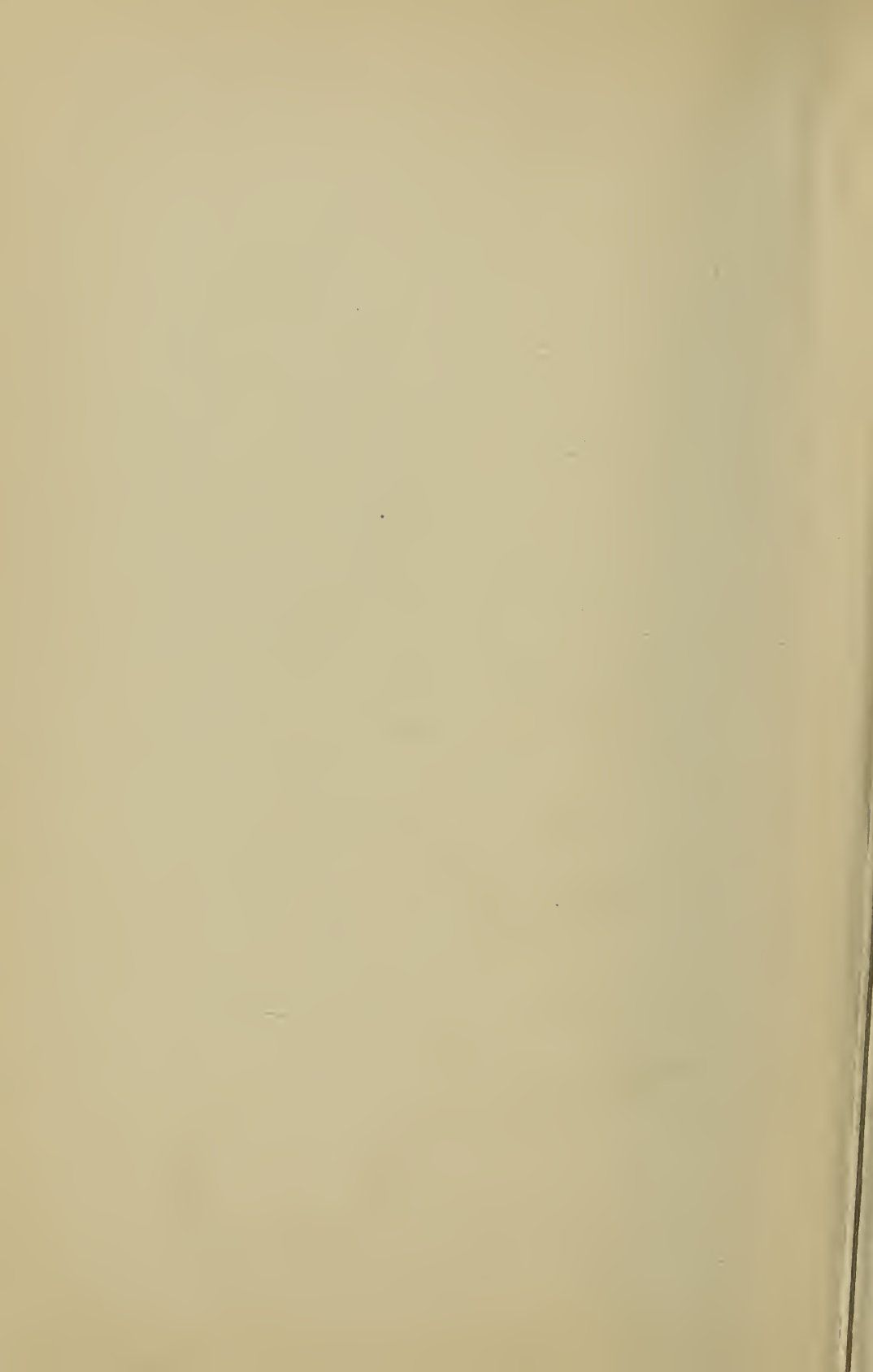
Then write (quoth she) the ruine of my youth,
Report the downe-fall of my slippry state :
Of all my life reueale the simple truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late.
Exemplifie my frailtie, tell how Fate
 Keepes in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,
 And ere they come to know them tis forbidden. 70

For whilst the Sun-shine of my fortune lasted,
I ioy'd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heate
That euer yet imperious beauty tasted,
I had what glory euer flesh could get :
But this faire morning had a shamefull set.
 Disgrace dark'd honour, sinne did cloude my brow,
 And note the sequell, and Ile tell thee how.

The bloud I stain'd, was good and of the best,
My birth had honour, and my beauty fame :
Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make me blest. 80
Had I had grace t'haue knowne to vse the same.
My education shew'd from whence I came,
 And all concurr'd to make me happy furst,
 That so great hope might make me more accurst.

Happy liu'd I whilst parents eye did guide
The indiscretion of my feeble wayes,
And Countrey-home kept me from being eide,
Where best vnknowne I spent my sweetest daies :
Till that my friends mine honour sought to raise
 To higher place, which greater credit yeelds, 90
 Deeming such beauty was vnfit for fields.





The Complaint of Rosamond.

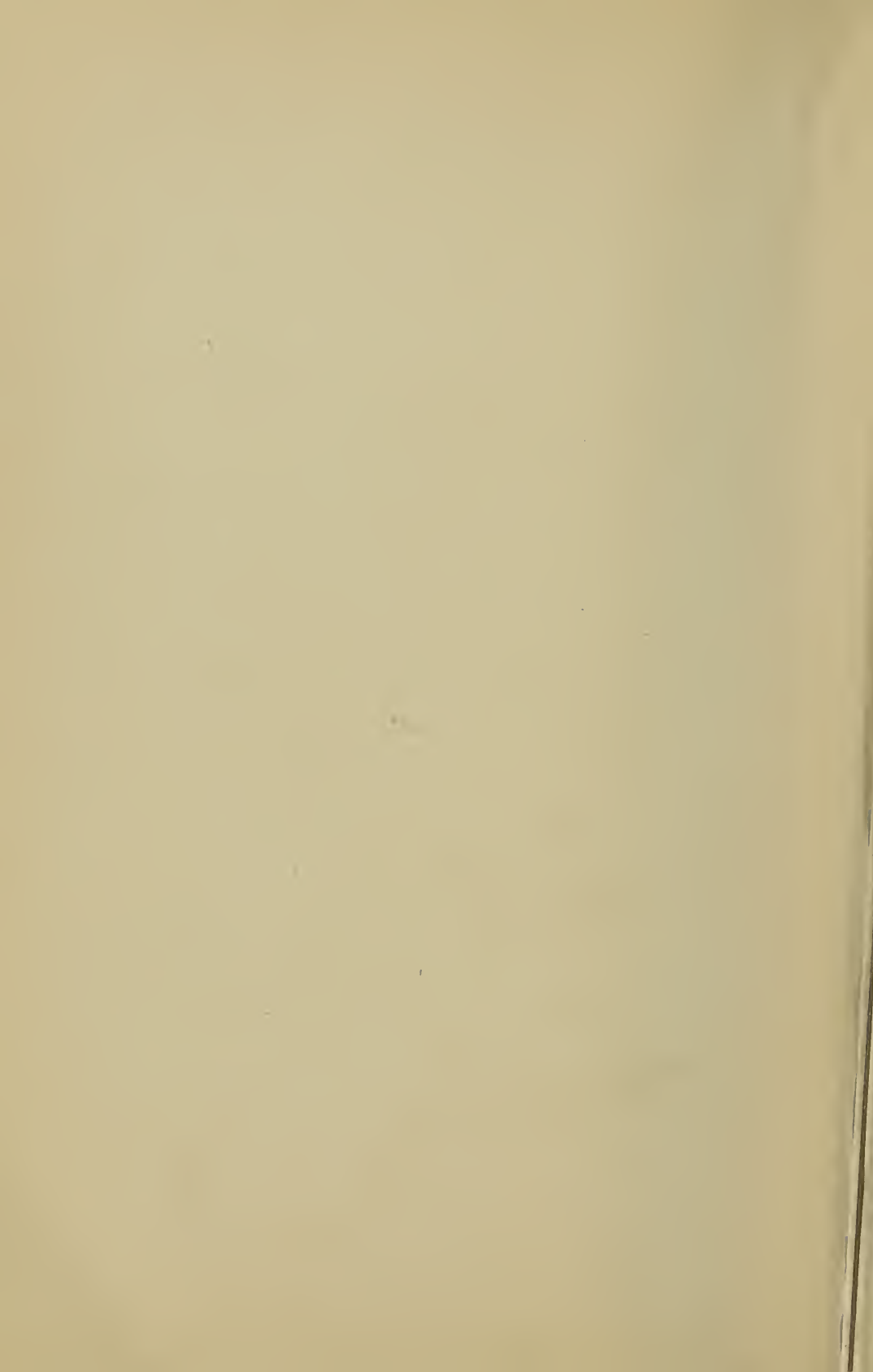
19

Looke how a Comet at the first appearing, 120
Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it ;
Or as the saddest tale at sudden hearing,
Makes silent listning vnto him that told it,
So did my speech when Rubies did vnfold it ;
 So did the blazing of my blush appeare,
 T'amaze the world, that holdes such sights so deere.

Ah beauty Syren, faire enchanting good,
Sweet silent Rhetorique of perswading eyes :
Dombe Eloquence, whose powre can moue the bloud,
More then the words or wisdom of the wise ; 130
Still harmony, whose Diapason lyes
 Within a brow, the key which passions moue,
 To rauish sence, and play a world in loue.

What might I then not doe whose powre was such ?
What cannot women doe that know their powre ?
What women knowes it not (I feare too much)
How blisse or bale lyes in their laugh or lowre ?
Whilst they inioy their happy blooming flowre,
 Whilst Nature decks them in their best attires
 Of youth and beauty, which the world admires. 140

Such one was I, my beauty was mine owne,
No borrowed blush which bank-rot beauties seeke :
That new-found shame, a sinne to vs unknowne,
Th'adulterate beauty of a falsed cheeke :
Vilde staine to honour, and to women eeke,
 Seeing that time our fading must detect,
 Thus with defect to couer our defect.



Impietie of times, Chastities abator,
Falshood, wherein thy selfe thy selfe deniest :
Treason to counterfeit the seale of Nature, 150
The stampe of heauen, impressed by the highest.
Disgrace vnto the world, to whom thou liest,
 Idoll vnto thy selfe, shame to the wise,
 And all that honour thee Idolatrise.

Farre was that sinne from vs whose age was pure,
VVhen simple beauty was accounted best,
The time when women had no other lure
But modestie, pure cheekes, a vertuous brest :
This was the pompe wherewith my youth was blest.
 These were the weapons which mine honour wonne, 160
 In all the conficts which mine eyes begunne.

VWhich were not small : I wrought on no mean object,
A Crowne was at my feete, Scepters obey'd me :
VVhom Fortune made my King, Loue made my Subiect,
VVho did command the Land, most humbly pray'd me :
Henry the second, that so highly weigh'd me,
 Found well (by proofe) the priuiledge of beauty,
 That it had powre to counter-maund all duty.

For after all his victories in *France*,
And all the triumphs of his honour wonne : 170
Vnmatch by sword, was vanquisht by a glance,
And hotter warres within his breast begunne.
VVarres, whom whole legions of desires drew on :
 Against all which, my chastitie contends,
 VVith force of honour, which my shame defends.

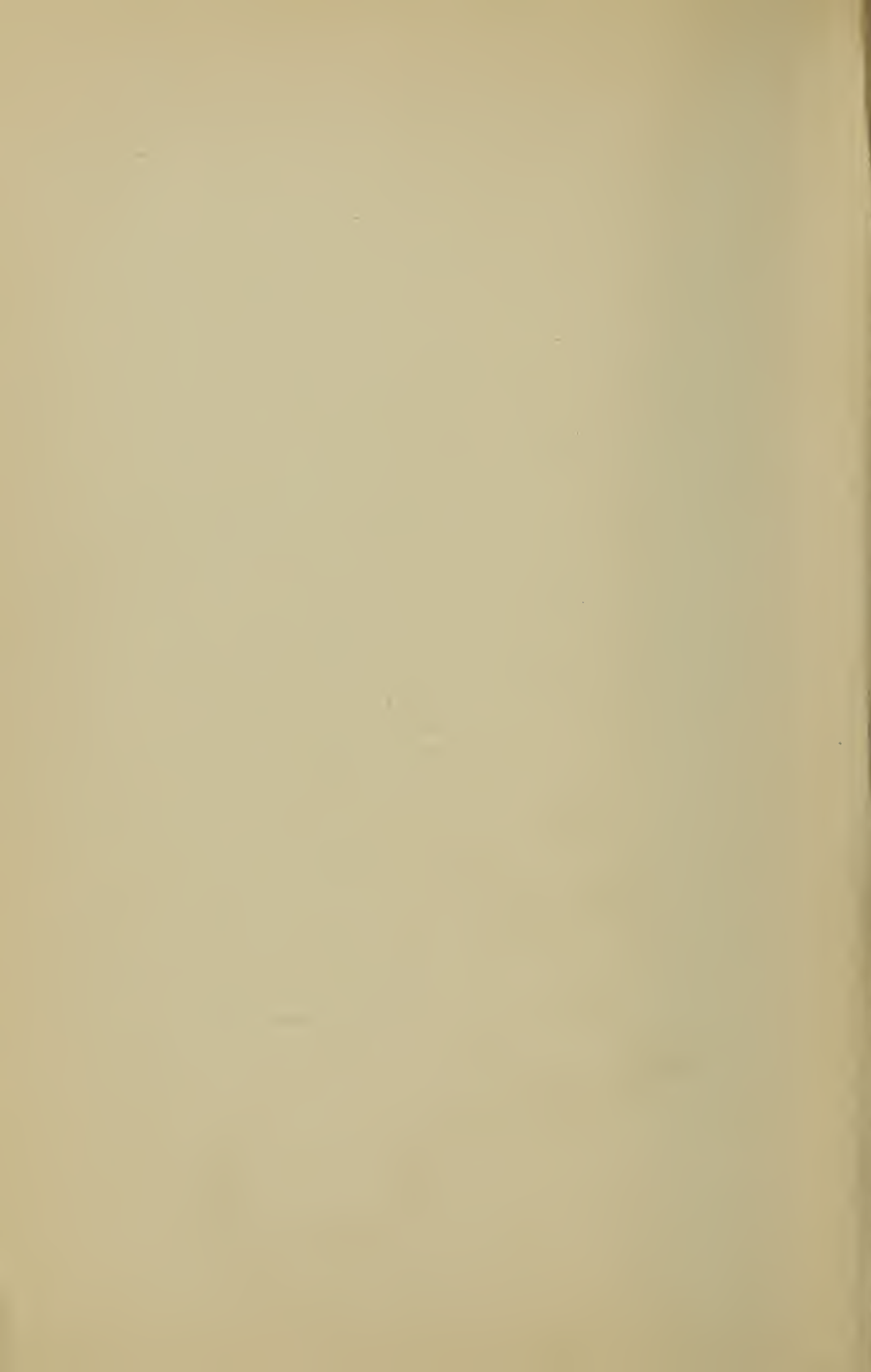


No Armour might be found that could defend,
Transparencing raies of cristall poynted eyes :
No stratagem, no reason could amend,
No not his age ; (yet old men should be wise)
But shewes deceiue, outward appearance lies. 180
 Let none for seeming so, thinke Saints of others,
 For all are men, and all haue suckt their mothers.

VWho would haue thought a Monarch would haue euer
Obey'd his hand-maide of so meane estate ;
Vulture ambition feeding on his liuer,
Age hauing worne his pleasures out of date.
But hap comes neuer, or it comes too late,
 For such a dainty which his youth found not,
 Vnto his feeble age did chance allot.

Ah Fortune, neuer absolutely good, 190
For that some crosse still counter-checks our lucke ;
As here behold th'incompatible blood,
Of age and youth was that whereon we stucke,
VVhose lothing, we from Natures breasts doe sucke,
 As opposite to what our bloud requires ;
 For equall age, doth equall like desires.

But mighty men, in highest honour sitting,
Nought but applause and pleasure can behold :
Sooth'd in their liking, carelesse what is fitting,
May not be suffred once to thinke the'are old : 200
Not trusting what they see, but what is told.
 Miserable fortune to forget so farre
 The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.



Yet must I needs excuse so great defect ;
For drinking of the *Lethe* of mine eies,
It's forc'd forget himselfe, and all respect
Of maiesty, whereon his state relies :
And now of loues and pleasures must deuise.
For thus reuiu'd againe, he serues and su'th,
And seekes all meanes to vndermine my youth. 210

Which neuer by assault he could recouer,
So well incamp'd in strength of chaste desires :
My cleane-arm'd thoughts repell'd an vnchaste louer.
The Crowne that could command what it requires,
I lesser priz'd then Chastities attires.
Th'vnstained vaile, which innocents adorne,
Th'vngathered Rose, defended with the thornes.

And safe mine honor stood, till that in truth,
One of my Sexe, of place and nature bad,
Was set in ambush to intrap my youth. 220
One in the habit of like frailtie clad,
One who the liu'ry of like weakenesse had.
A seeming Matron, yet a sinfull Monster,
As by her words the Chaster sort may conster.*

She set vpon me with the smoothest speech
That Court and age could cunningly deuise :
Th'one authentique, made her fit to teach,
The other learn'd her how to subtilise.
Both were enough to circumuent the wise.
A document that well might teach the sage, 230
That there's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

* Come to the conclusion.



But thou hast yeeres and priuiledge to vse them, 260
Thy priuiledge doth beare Beauties great seale ;
Besides, the Law of Nature doth excuse them,
To whom thy youth may haue a iust appeale.
Esteeme not Fame more then thou dost thy weale.
Fame (whereof the world seemes to make such choice)
Is but an Eccho, and an idle voice.

Then why should this respect of honor bound vs,
In th'imaginarie lists of Reputation ?
Titles which cold seueritie hath found vs,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation : 270
Melancholies opinion, Customes relation ;
Pleasures plague, beauties scourge, hell to the faire,
To leaue the sweet for Castles in the aire.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceau'd,
Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne :
Whereof we see how many are bereau'd,
Which should haue reap'd the glory they had sowne :
And many haue it, yet vnworthy, knowne.
So breathes his blast this many-headed beast,
Whereof the wisest haue esteemed least. 280

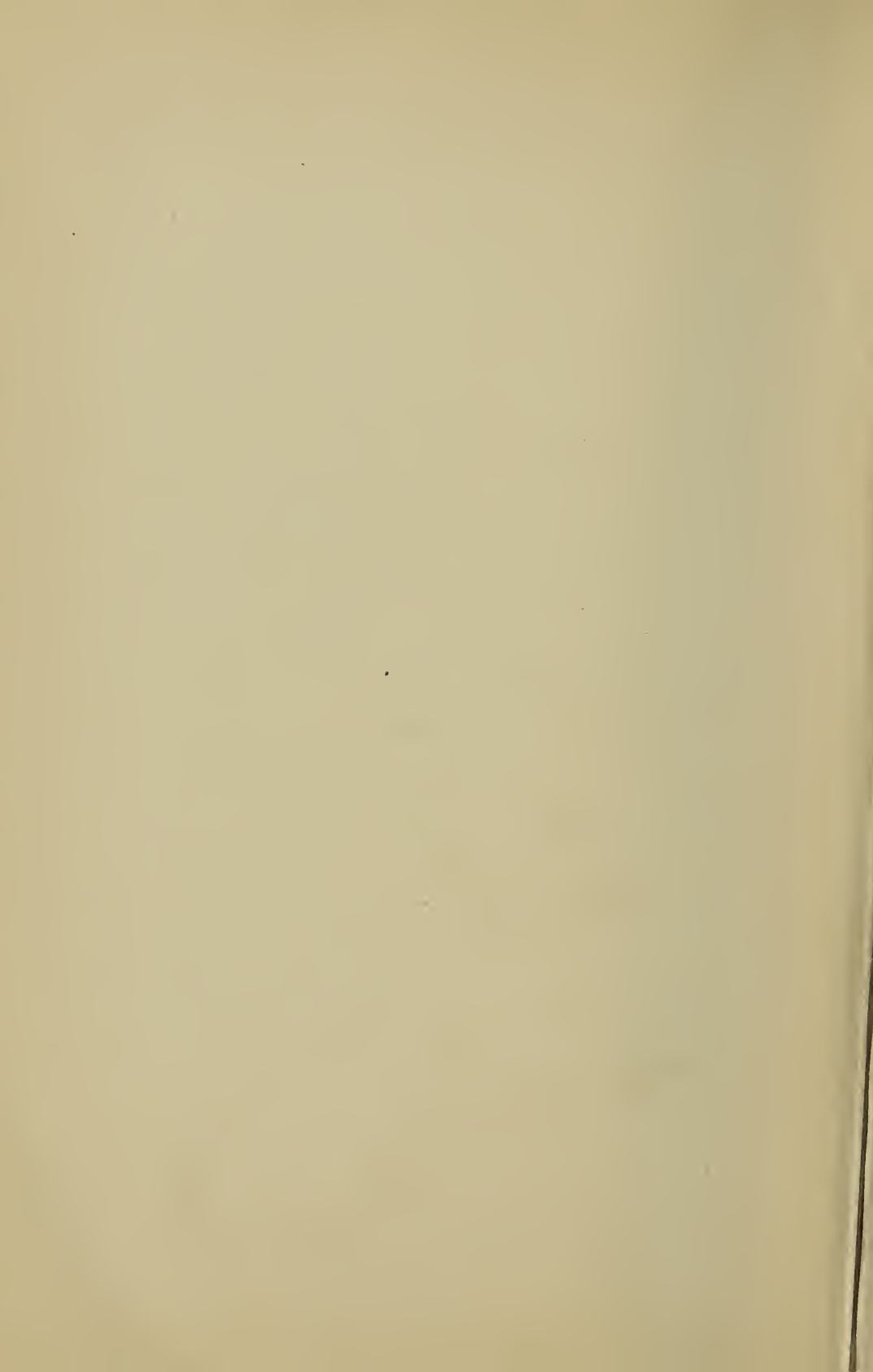
The subtile City-women, better learned,
Esteeme them chaste enough that best seeme so :
Who though they sport, it shall not be discerned,
Their face bewraies not what their bodies do ;
Tis warie walking that doth saflyest go,
With shew of Vertue, as the cunning knowes :
Babes are beguild with sweets, and men with showes.

Then vse thy tallent, youth shall be thy warrant,
And let not honor from thy sports detract :
Thou must not fondly thinke thy selfe transparant, 290
That those who see thy face can iudge thy fact ;
Let her haue shame that cannot closely act.
And seeme the chaste, which is the chiefest arte,
For what we seeme each sees, none knowes our hart.

The mightie who can with such sinnes dispence,
In steed of shame doc honors great bestow,
A worthie author doth redeeme th'offence,
And makes the scarlet sinne as white as snow.
The Maiestie that doth descend so low,
Is not defilde, but pure remains therein : 300
And being sacred, sanctifies the sin.

What, doost thou stand on this, that he is old ?
Thy beautie hath the more to worke vpon ;
Thy pleasures want shall be supplide with gold,
Cold age dotes most when heate of youth is gone :
Enticing words preuaile with such a one.
Alluring shewes most deepe impression strikes,
For age is prone to credit what it likes.

Here interrupt, she leaues me in a doubt,
When loe beganne the cumbat in my blood : 310
Seeing my youth inuiron'd round about,
The ground vncertaine where my reasons stood ;
Small my defence to make my party good,
Against such powers which were so surely laid,
To ouerthrow a poore vnskilfull Maide.



Treason was in my bones, my selfe conspiring,
To sell my selfe to lust, my soule to sin :
Pure-blushing shame was euen in retiring,
Leauing the sacred hold it glori'd in.
Honor lay prostrate for my flesh to win, 320
 When cleaner thoughts my weaknesse gan vpbay
 Against my selfe, and shame did force me say ;

Ah *Rosamond*, what doth thy flesh prepare ?
Destruction to thy dayes, death to thy fame :
Wilt thou betray that honor held with care,
T'entombe with blacke reproch a spotted name ?
Leauing thy blush the colours of thy shame ?
 Opening thy feete to sinne, thy soule to lust,
 Gracelesse to lay thy glory in the dust ?

Nay first let th'earth gape wide to swallow thee, 330
And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead,
Ere Serpent tempt thee taste forbidden Tree,
Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed ;
Suffring thy selfe by lust to be misled ;
 So to disgrace thy selfe and grieue thine heires,
 That *Cliffords* race should scorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer wish longer to enioy the Aire,
Then that thou breath'st the breath of Chastitie :
Longer then thou preseru'st thy soule as faire
As is thy face, free from impuritie. 340
Thy face, that makes th'admir'd in euery eie,
 Where Natures care such rarities inroule ;
 Which vs'd amisse, may serue to damne thy soule.

But what? he is my King, and may constraime me,
Whether I yeeld or not, I liue defamed.

The World will thinke Authoritie did gaine me,
I shall be iudg'd his Loue, and so be shamed :

We see the faire condemn'd, that neuer gamed.

And if I yeeld, tis honourable shame,

If not, I liue disgrac'd, yet thought the same.

350

What way is left thee then (vnhappy Maide)

Whereby thy spotlesse foote may wander out

This dreadfull danger, which thou seest is laide,

Wherein thy shame doth compasse thee about?

Thy simple yeeres cannot resolue this doubt.

Thy Youth can neuer guide thy foote so euen,

But (in despite) some scandall will be giuen.

Thus stood I ballanc'd equally precize,

Till my fraile flesh did weigh me downe to sin ;

Till world and pleasure made me partialize,

And glittering pompe my vanitie did win,

When to excuse my fault my lusts begin,

And impious thoughts alleg'd this wanton clause,

That though I sinn'd, my sinne had honest cause.

360

So well the golden balles cast downe before me,

Could entertaine my course, hinder my way :

Whereat my wretchlesse youth stooping to store me,

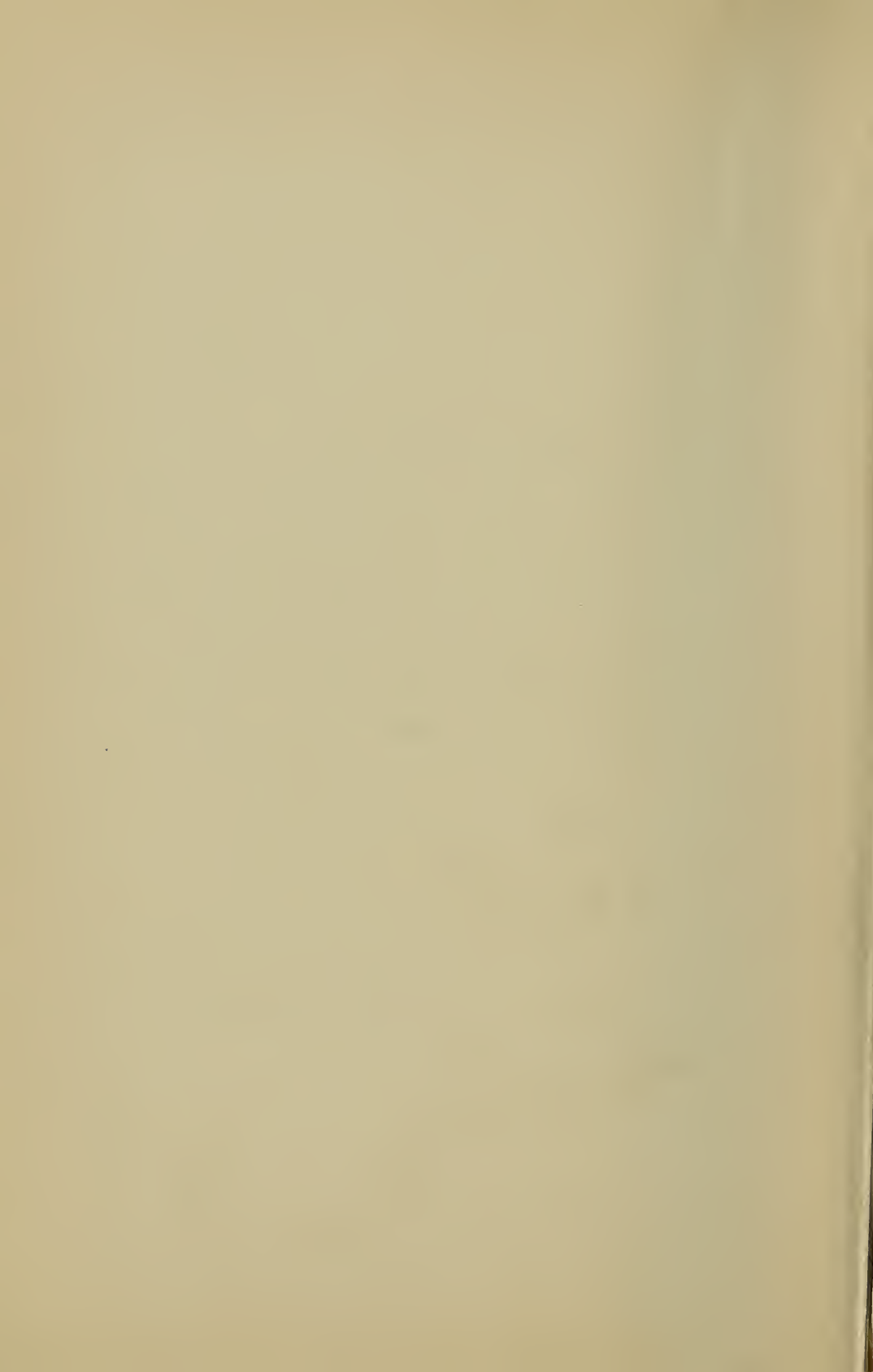
Lost me the Goale, the Glory and the Day.

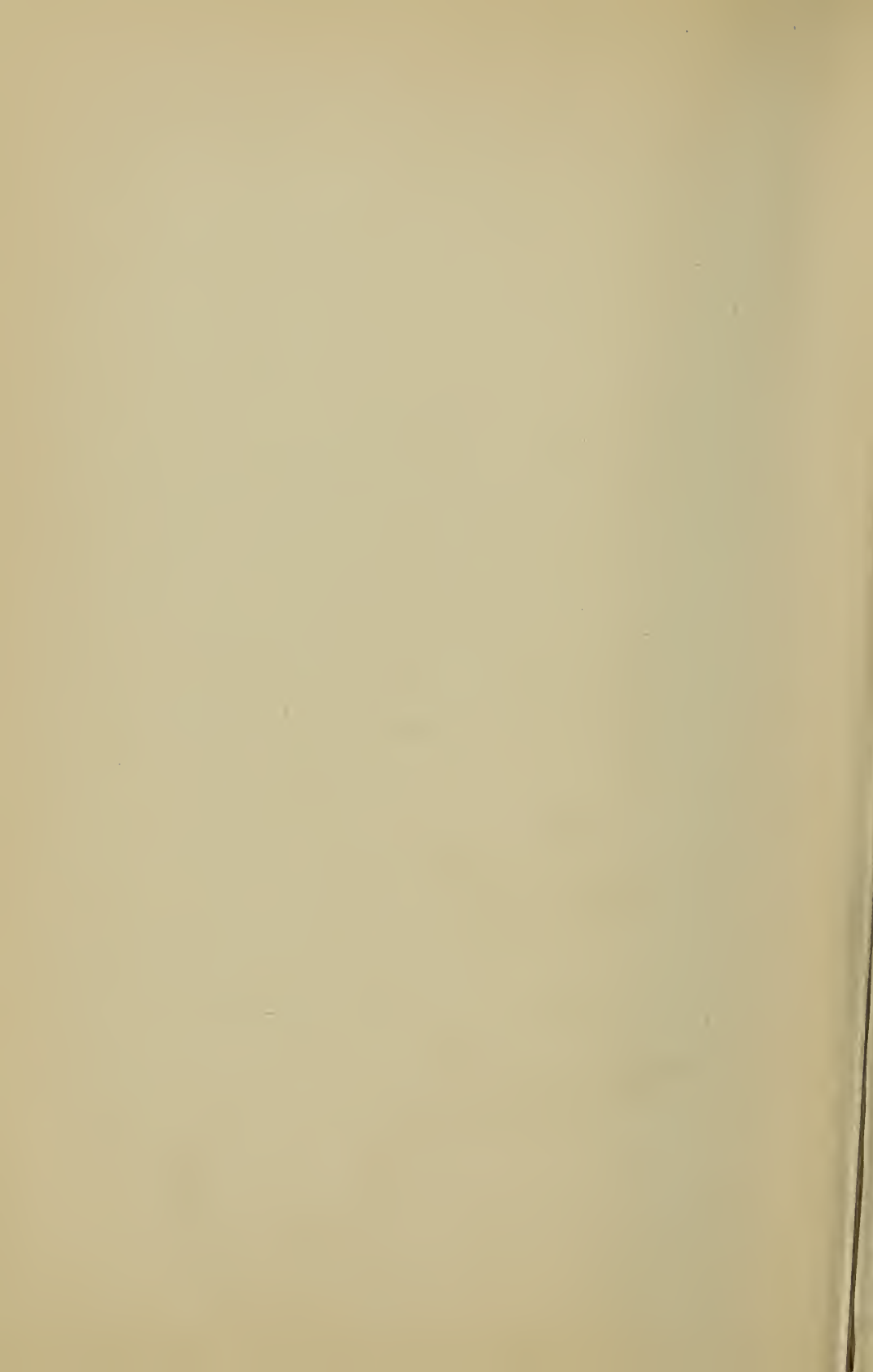
Pleasure had set my well school'd thoughts to play,

And bade me vse the vertue of mine eies,

For sweetly it fits the faire to wantonise.

370





Whose pure cleere streames (which lo so faire appears) 400
Wrought hotter flames (O miracle of Loue
That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,
And makes neglected beauty mightier proue,
Teaching afflicted eyes affects to moue) ;
 To shew that nothing ill becomes the faire,
 But cruelty, which yeelds vnto no prayer.

This hauing view'd, and therewith something moued,
Figured I finde within the other squares,
Transformed *Io*, *Ioues* deereely loued,
In her affliction how she strangely fares. 410
Strangely distress'd (O beauty, borne to cares)
 Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with iealous eyes,
 Always in danger of her hatefull spies.

These presidents presented to my view,
Wherein the presage of my fall was showne,
Might haue fore-warn'd me well what would ensue,
And others harmes haue made me shun mine owne.
But Fate is not preuented, though foreknowne.
 For that must hap, decreed by heauenly powers,
 Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours. 420

Witnessse the world, wherein is nothing rifer,
Then miseries vnken'd before they come :
Who can the Characters of chaunce decipher,
Written in cloudes of our concealed dome ?
Which though perhaps haue beene reuealed to some.
 Yet that so doubtfull (as successe did proue them)
 That men must know they haue the Heau'ns about them.

I saw the sinne wherein my foote was entring,
I saw how that dishonour did attend it,
I saw the shame whereon my flesh was ventring, 430
Yet had I not the power for to defend it.
So weake is sence, when error hath condemm'd it.
 We see what's good, and thereto we consent,
 But yet we choose the worst, and soone repent.

And now I come to tell the worst of illnesse,
Now draws the date of mine affliction neere.
Now when the dark had wrapt up all in stilnesse,
And dreadfull blacke had dispossesst the cleere,
Com'd was the Night (mother of sleepe and feare)
 Who with her sable-mantle friendly couers 440
 The sweet-stolne sport of ioyfull meeting Louers.

When lo, I ioy'd my Louer, not my Loue,
And felt the hand of love most vndesired :
Enforc'd th'vnprooued bitter sweet to proue,
Which yeelds no naturall pleasure when tis hired.
Loue's not constrained, nor yet of due required.
 Iudge they who are vnfortunately wed,
 What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

Bnt soon his age receiu'd his short contenting,
And sleep sealed vp his languishing desires : 450
When he turns to his rest, I to repenting,
Into my selfe my waking thought retires :
My nakednesse had prou'd my sences liers.
 Now opned were mine eyes to looke therein ;
 For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

Now did I finde my selfe vnparadis'd,
From those pure fields of my so cleane beginning :
Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduis'd
My flesh gan loath the new-felt touch of sinning ;
Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at first winning. ¶60
For Nature checks a new offence with loathing,
But vse of sinne doth make it seeme as nothing.

And vse of sinne did worke in me a boldnesse,
And loue in him, incorporates such zeale,
That icalousie increas'd with ages coldnesse,
Fearing to lose the ioy of all his weale ;
Or doubting time his stealth might else reueale,
H'is driuen to deuise some subtil way,
How he might safelyest keepe so rich a pray.

A stately Pallace he forthwith did build,* ¶70
Whose intricate innumerable wayes
With such confused errorrs, so beguilde
Th'vnguided Entrers, with vncertaine strays,
And doubtfull turnings, kept them in delayes ;
With bootelesse labor leading them about,
Able to finde no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the closed bosome of which frame,
That seru'd a Centre to that goodly Round,
Were lodgings, with a Garden to the same,
With sweetest flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground, ¶80
And all the pleasures that delight hath found,
T'entertaine the sense of wanton eies ;
Fuell of Loue, from whence lusts flames arise.

* Woodstock.

The Complaint of Rosamond.

45

Here I inclos'd from all the world asunder,
The Minotaure of shame kept for disgrace,
The Monster of Fortune, and the worlds wonder,
Liu'd cloistred in so desolate a case :
None but the King might come into the place,
 With certaine Maides that did attend my neede,
 And he himselfe came guided by a threed.

490

O Iealousie, daughter of Enuie and Loue,
Most wayward issue of a gentle sire ;
Fostred with feares, thy fathers ioys t'improue,
Mirth-marring monster, borne a subtill lier ;
Hatefull vnto thy selfe, flying thine own desire :
 Feeding vpon suspect that doth renue thee,
 Happy were Louers if they neuer knew thee.

Thou hast a thousand gates thou enterest by,
Condemming trembling passions to our hart ;
Hundred ey'd *Argus* eur waking Spie,
Pale Hagge, infernall Furie, pleasures smart,
Enuious Obseruer, prying in euery part ;
 Suspicious, fearefull, gazing still about thee,
 O would to God that loue could be without thee.

500

Thou didst depriue (through false suggesting feare)
Him of content, and me of libertie :
The onely good that women hold so deere,
And turnst my freedom to captiuitie,
First made a prisoner, ere an enemye.
 Enioyn'd the ransome of my bodies shame,
 Which though I paid, could not redeeme the same.

510

What greater torment euer could haue beene,
Then to inforce the faire to liue retir'd ?
For what is beauty if it bee not scene ?
Or what is't to be seene if not admir'd ?
And though admir'd, vnlesse in loue desir'd ?
 Neuer were cheekes of Roses, locks of Amber,
 Ordain'd to liue imprison'd in a Chamber.

Nature created beauty for the view,
(Like as the Fire for heate, the Sunne for light :) 520
The faire doe hold this priuiledge as due
By ancient Charter, to liue most in sight,
And she that is debar'd it, hath not right.
 In vaine our friends from this, doe vs dehort,
 For Beauty will be where is most resort.

Wisse the fairest streetes that Thames doth visit,
The wondrous concourse of the glittring Faire :
For what rare woman deckt with beauty is it,
That thither couets not to make repaire ?
The sollitary Countrey may not stay her. 530
 Here is the centre of all beauties best,
 Excepting *Delia*, left t'adorne the West.

Here doth the curious with iudiciall eies,
Contemplate Beauty gloriously attired :
And herein all our chiefest glory lies,
To liue where we are praised and most desired.
O how we ioy to see our selues admired,
 Whilst niggardly our faouours we discover :
 We loue to be belou'd, yet scorne the Louer.

The Complaint of Rosamond.

49

Yet would to God my foote had neuer mou'd
From Country-safety, from the fields of rest :
To know the danger to be highly lou'd,
And liue in pompe to braue among the best :
Happy for me, better had I beene blest,
If I vnluckily had neuer straide,
But liu'd at home a happy Country Maide.

540

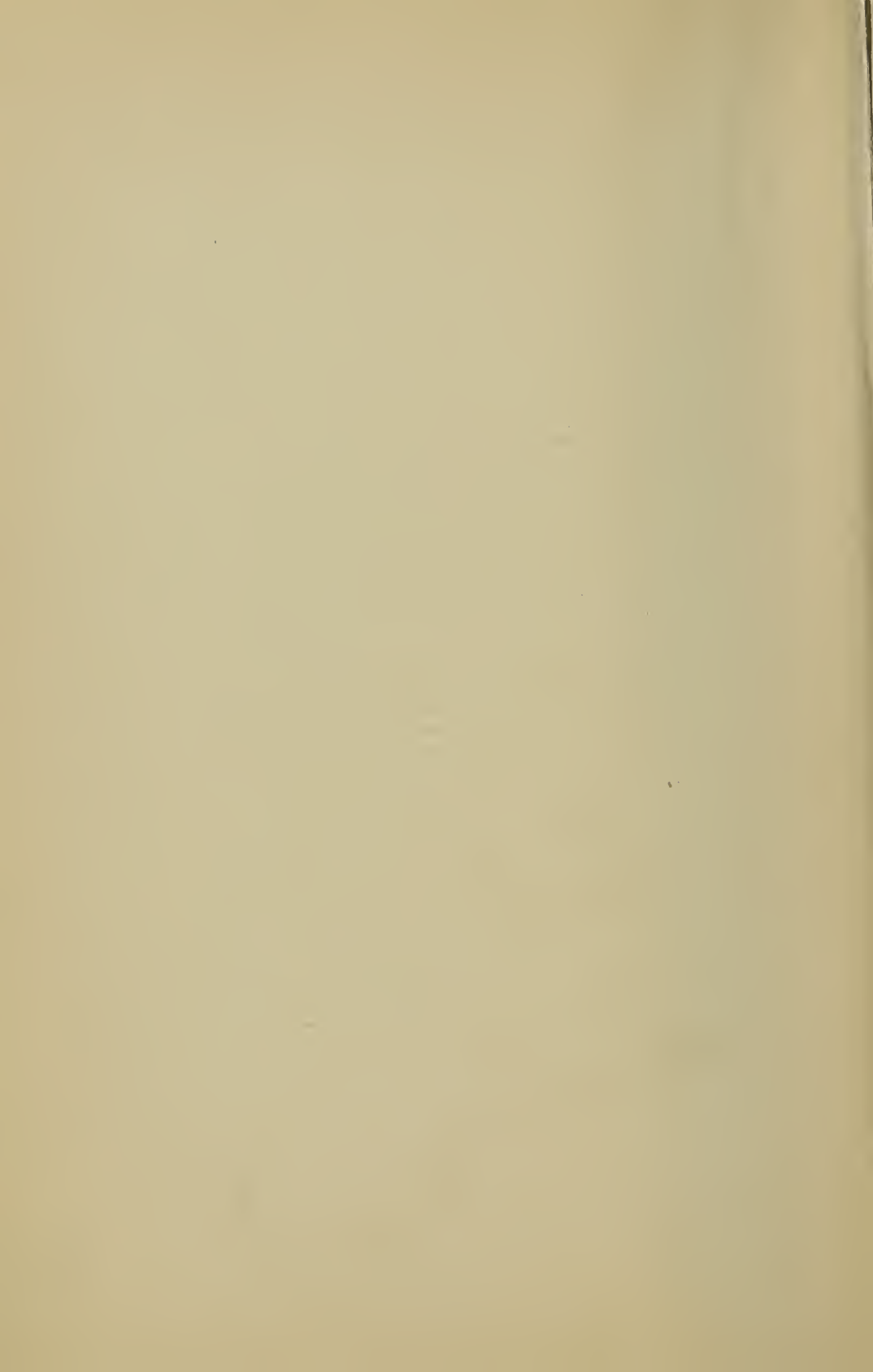
Whose vnaffected innocencie thinks
No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtly liuer :
Shee's deekt with truth ; the Riuer where she drinks,
Doth serue her for her glasse, her Counsell-giuer ;
She loues sincerely, and is loued euer.
Her dayes are peace, and so she endes her breath,
(True life that knowes not what's to die till death.)

550

So should I neuer haue beene registred,
In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate :
Nor had my name inrol'd with maides misled,
Which bought their pleasures at so hie a rate.
Nor had I taught (through my unhapy fate)
This Lesson (which my selfe learn't with expence)
How most it hurts, that most delights the fence.

560

Shame followes sinne, disgrace is duely giuen,
Impietie will out, neuer so closely done :
No walles can hide vs from the eye of Heauen,
For shame must end what wickednesse begun ;
Forth breakes reproch when we least thinke thereon,
And this is euer proper vnto Courts,
That nothing can be done, but Fame reports,



The Complaint of Rosamond.

51

Fame doth explore what lies most secret hidden,
Entring the Closet of the Pallace dweller :
Abroade reuealing what is most forbidden. 570
Of truth and falshood both an equall teller,
Tis not a guard can serue for to expell her.
The Sword of Iustice cannot cut her Wings,
Nor stop her mouth from vttering secret things.

And this our stealth she could not long conceale,
From her whom such a forfeit most concerned :
The wronged Queene, who could so closely deale,
That she the whole of all our practise learned,
And watcht a time when least it was discerned,
In absence of the King to wreake her wrong, 580
With such reuenge as she desired long.

The Labyrinth she entred by that Threed,
That seru'd a conduct to my absent Lord,
Left there by chance, reseru'd for such a deed,
Where she surpriz'd me whom she so abhor'd.
Enrag'd with madnesse, scarce she speakes a word,
But flies with eager furie to my face,
Offering me most vnwomanly disgrace.

Looke how a Tygresse that hath lost her Whelpe,
Runnes fiercely ranging through the Woods astray : 590
And seeing her selfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,
Furiously assaults what's in her way,
To satisfie her wrath, (not for a pray)
So fell she on me in outrageous wise,
As could Disdaine and Iealousie deuise.



And after all her vile reproches vsde,
She forc'd me take the Poyson she had brought,
To end the life that had her so abusde,
And free her feares, and ease her iealous thought.
No Cruelty her wrath could leaue vnwrought, 600
 No spitefull act that to Reuenge is common ;
 (No beast being fiercer than a iealous woman.)

Here take (saith she) thou impudent vncleane,
Base gracelesse Strumpet, take this next your heart ;
Your Love-sicke heart, that ouer-charg'd hath beene
With pleasures surfeit, must be purg'd with Art.
This potion hath a power that will conuart
 To naught, those humors that oppresse you so,
 And (Gerle) Ile see you take it ere I go.

What, stand you now amaz'd, retire you backe ? 610
Tremble you (Minion?) come, dispatch with speed ;
There is no helpe, your Champion now you lacke,
And all these teares you shed will nothing steed ;
Those dainty fingers needes must doe the deed.
 Take it, or I will drench you else by force,
 And trifle not, lest that I vse you worse.

Hauing this bloody doome from hellish breath,
My wofull eyes on euery side I cast :
Rigor about me, in my hand my death,
Presenting me the horror of my last : 620
All hope of pittie and of comfort past.
 No meanes, no power ; no forces to contend,
 My trembling hands must giue my selfe my end.

Those hands that beauties ministers had bin,
They must giue death, that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gaue consent to sin,
Must now receiue destruction in thereat,
That body which my lust did violate,
 Must sacrifice itselfe t'appease the wrong.
 (So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.)

630

And she no sooner saw I had it taken,
But forth she rushes (proud with victorie)
And leaues m'alone, of all the world forsaken,
Except of Death, which she had left with me.
(Death and my selfe alone together be.)
 To whom she did her full reuenge refer.
 Oh poore weake conquest both for him and her.

Then straight my conscience summons vp my sinne,
T'appeare before me in a hideous face ;
Now doth the terror of my soule beginne,
When eu'ry corner of that hatefull place
Dictates mine error, and reueales disgrace ;
 Whilst I remaine opprest in euery part,
 Death in my body, Horror at my hart.

640

Downe on my bed my loathsome selfe I cast,
The bed that likewise giues in euidence
Against my soule, and tels I was vnchast ;
Tels I was wanton, tels I followed sence,
And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence ;
 Must here the right of Heauen needes satisfie,
 And where I wanton lay, must wretched die.

650

Here I beganne to waile my hard mishap,
My sudden, strange vnlookt for misery,
Accusing them that did my youth intrap,
To giue me such a fall of infamy,
And poore distressed *Rosamond* (said I)
Is this thy glory got, to die forlorne
In Desarts where no care can heare thee mourne ?

Nor any eye of pittie to behold
The wofull end of my said tragedie ; 660
But that thy wrongs vnseene, thy tale vntold,
Must here in secret silence buried lie,
And with thee thine excuse together die.
Thy sinne reueal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy shame aliue, but dead what thy death did.

Yet breathe out to these Walles the breath of mone.
Tell th'Aaire thy plaints, since men thou canst not tell,
And though thou perish desolate alone,
Tell yet thy selfe, what thy selfe knowes too well : 670
Vtter thy grieffe wherewith thy soule doth swell.
And let thy heart pittie thy hearts remorse,
And be thy selfe the mourner and the corse.

Condole thee here, clad all in blacke dispaire,
With silence onely, and a dying bed ;
Thou that of late, so flourishing, so faire,
Did'st glorious liue, admir'd and honored :
And now from friends, from succour hither led,
Art made a spoyle to lust, to wrath, to death,
And in disgrace, forc'd here to yeeld thy breath.

Did Nature (for this good) ingeniate, 680
To shew in thee the glory of her best ;
Framing thine eye the starre of thy ill fate,
Making thy face the foe to spoyle the rest ?
O Beautie thou an enemy profest
To Chastitie and vs that loue thee most,
Without thee, how w'are loath'd, and with thee lost ?

You, you that proude with libertie and beautie,
(And well may you be proud that you be so)
Glitter in Court, lou'd and obseru'd of dutie ;
Would God I might to you but ere I goe 690
Speake what I feele, to warne you by my woe,
To keepe your feete in cleanly paths of shame,
That no enticing may diuert the same.

See'ng how against your tender weaknesse still,
The strength of wit, and gold, and all is bent ;
And all th'assaults that euer might or skill,
Can giue against a chaste and cleane intent :
Ah let not greatnesse worke you to consent.
The spot is foule, though by a Monarch made,
Kings cannot priuiledge what God forbade. 700

Locke vp therefore the treasure of your loue,
Vnder the surest keyes of feare and shame :
And let no powers haue power chaste thoughts to moue,
To make a lawlesse entry on your fame.
Open to those the comfort of your flame,
Whose equall loue shall march with equall pace,
In those pure ways that leade to no disgrace.

For see how many discontented beds,
Our own aspiring, or our parents pride
Haue caus'd whilst that ambition vainely weds
Wealth and not loue, honor and nought beside :
Whilst married but to titles, we abide
As wedded widowes, wanting what we haue,
When shadows cannot giue vs what we craue.

71

Or whilst we spend the freshest of our time,
The sweet of youth in plotting in the ayre ;
Alas, how oft we fall, hoping to clime ;
Or whither as vnprofitably faire,
Whilst those decayes which are without repaire,
Make vs neglected, scorned and reprov'd.
(And O what are we, if we be not lou'd ?)

720

Fasten therefore vpon occasions fit,
Lest this, or that, or like disgrace as mine,
Doe ouer-take your youth or ruine it,
And cloude with infamie your beauties shine :
Seeing how many seeke to vndermine
The treasure that's vnpossest of any :
And hard tis kept that is desired of many.

And flie (O flie) these Bed-brokers vncleane,
(The Monsters of our Sexe) that make a pray
Of their owne kinde, by an vnkindely meane ;
And euen (like Vipers) eating out a way
Through th'wombe of their owne shame, accursed they
Liue by the death of Fame, the gaine of sin,
The filth of lust, vncleannesse wallowes in.

730

As if t'were not inough that we (poore we)
Haue weakenesse, beautie, gold and men our foes,
But we must haue some of our selues to be
Traitors vnto our selues, to ioyne with those?
Such as our feeble forces doe disclose, 740
 And still betray our cause, our shame, our youth,
 To lust, to folly, and to mens vntruth?

Hatefull confounders both of bloud and lawes,
Vilde Orators of shame, that pleade delight :
Vngracious agents in a wicked cause,
Factors for darknesse, messengers of night,
Serpents of guile, Deuils, that doe inuite
 The wanton taste of that forbidden tree,
 Whose fruit once pluckt, will shew how foule we bee.

You in the habite of a graue aspect, 750
(In credit by the trust of yeeres) can shoe
The cunning wayes of lust, and can direct
The faire and wilie wantons how to goe,
Hauing (your lothesome selues) your youth spent so,
 And in vncleannesse euer haue bene fed,
 By the reuenuie of a wanton bed.

By you haue bene the innocent betraide,
The blushing fearefull, boldned vnto sin,
The wife made subtill, subtill made the maide,
The husband scorn'd, dishonored the kin : 760
Parents disgrac'd, children infamous bin.
 Confus'd our race, and falsified our blood,
 Whilst fathers sonnes possesse wrong fathers good.

This, and much more, I would haue vttered then,
A testament to be recorded still,
Sign'd with my bloud, subscrib'd with Conscience Pen,
To warne the faire and beautifull from ill.
Though I could wish (by th'exemple of my will)
 I had not left this note vnto the faire,
 But dide intestate to haue had no heire. 770

But now, the poyson spread through all my vaines,
Gan dispossesse my liuing sences quite :
And nought-respecting death (the last of paines)
Plac'd his pale colours (th'ensigne of his might)
Vpon this new-got spoyle before his right ;
 Thence chac'd my soule, setting my day ere noone,
 When I least thought my ioyes could end so soene.

And as conuaide t'vntimely funerals,
My scarce cold corse not suffred longer stay,
Behold, the King (by chance) returning fals 780
T'incounter with the same vpon the way,
As he repair'd to see his dearest ioy.
 Not thinking such a meeting could haue beene,
 To see his Loue, and seeing bin vnseene.

Judge those whom chance deprives of sweetest treasure,
What tis to lose a thing we hold so deere :
The best delight, wherein our soule takes pleasure,
The sweet of life, that penetrates so neere.
What passions feeles that heart, inforc'd to beare
 The deepe impression of so strange a sight, 790
 That ouerwhelmes vs, or confounds vs quite ?



Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body steares.
Words had no passage, teares no issue found,
For sorrow shut vp words, wrath kept in teares ;
Confus'd affects each other doe confound.
Opprest with griefe, his passions had no bound :
 Striuing to tell his woes, words would not come ;
 For light cares speake, when mightie griefes are dombe.

At length, extremitie breakes out a way,
Through which, th'imprisoned voice with teares attended.
Wailes out a sound that sorrowes doe bewray : 801
With armes a-crosse, and eyes to heauen bended,
Vaporing out sighs that to the skies ascended.
 Sighs (the poore ease calamitie affords)
 Which serue for speech when sorrow wanteth words.

O Heauens (quoth he) why doe mine eyes behold
The hatefull raies of this vnhappy Sunne ?
Why haue I light to see my sinnes controld,
With bloud of mine owne shame thus vildely done ?
How can my sight endure to looke thereon ? 810
 Why doth not blacke eternall darknesse hide,
 That from mine eyes, my heart cannot abide ?

What saw my life wherein my soule might ioy ;
What had my dayes whom troubles still afflicted,
But onely this, to counterpoize annoy ?
This ioy, this hope, which Death hath interdicted ;
This sweet, whose losse hath all distresse inflicted ;
 This, that did season all my sowre of life,
 Vext still at home with broiles, abroad in strife.



Vext still at home with broiles, abroade in strife, 820
Dissension in my blood, iarres in my bed :
Distrust at boord, suspecting still my life,
Spending the night in horror, daies in dread ;
(Such life hath Tyrants, and this life I led.)

These miseries goe mask'd in glittering showes,
Which wise men see, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus as these passions doe him ouerwhelme,
He drawes him neere my body to behold it.
And as the Vine married vnto the Elme
With strict imbraces, so doth he infold it : 830
And as he in his carefull armes doth hold it,
Viewing the face that euen death commends,
On sencelesse lippes, millions of kisses spends.

Pittifull mouth (saith he) that liuing gauest
The sweetest comfort that my soule could wish :
O be it lawfull now, that dead thou hauest,
This sorrowing farewell of a dying kisse ;
And you faire eyes, containers of my blisse,
Motiues of Loue, borne to be matched neuer,
Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleepe for euer. 840

Ah, how me thinkes I see Death dallying seekes,
To entertaine it selfe in Loues sweet place ;
Decayed Roses of discoloured cheekes,
Doe yet retaine deere notes of former grace :
And vgly Death sits faire within her face ;
Sweet remnants resting of Vermillian red
That Death it selfe doubts whether she be dead.

Wonder of beautie, oh receiue these plaints,
These obsequies, the last that I shall make thee :

For loe, my soule that now already faints
(That lou'd thee liuing, dead will not forsake thee)
Hastens her speedy course to ouer-take thee.
He meete my death, and free my selfe thereby,
For (ah) what can he doe that cannot die?

850

Yet ere I die, thus much my soule doth vow,
Reuenge shall sweeten death with ease of minde :
And I will cause Posterity shall know,
How faire thou wert aboute all women kinde ;
And after-Ages Monuments shall finde,
Shewing thy beauties title, not thy name,
Rose of the world,* that sweetned so the same.

860

This said, though more desirous yet to say,
(For sorrow is vnwilling to giue ouer)
He doth repress what grieffe would else bewray,
Lest he too much his passions should discouer ;
And yet respect scarce bridles such a Louer,
So farre transported that he knowes not whither,
For Loue and Maiestie dwell ill together.

Then were my Funerals not long deferred,
But done with all the rites pompe could deuise,
At *Godstow*, where my body was interred,
And richly tomb'd in honorable wise :
Where yet as now scarce any note descries
Vnto these times, the memory of me,
Marble and Brasse so little lasting be.

870

* "Hic jacet in tombo Rosa mundi non Rosamunda.
Non redolet sed olet, quæ redolere solet."

(Fair Rosamond's Epitaph.)

For those walles which the credulous deuout,
And apt-beleeuing ignorant did found ;
With willing zeale, that neuer call'd in doubt,
That time their workes should euer so confound,
Lie like confused heapes as vnder-ground. 880
 And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,
 The wiser ages doe account as folly.

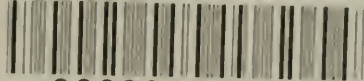
And were it not thy fauourable lines
Re-edified the wracke of my decayes,
And that thy accents willingly assignes,
Some farther date, and giue me longer daies,
Few in this age had knowne my beauties praise.
 But thus renew'd, my fame redeemes some time,
 Till other ages shall neglect thy Rime.

Then when Confusion in her course shall bring 890
Sad desolation on the times to come :
When mirthlesse *Thames* shall haue no Swanne to sing,
All Musicke silent, and the Muses dombe.
And yet euen then it must be knowne to some,
 That once they flourisht, though not cherisht so,
 And *Thames* had Swannes as well as euer *Po*.

But here an end, I may no longer stay,
I must returne t'attend at *Stygian* flood :
Yet ere I goe, this one word more I pray,
Tell *Delia*, now her sigh may doe me good, 900
And will her note the frailtie of our blood.
 And if I passe vnto those happy bankes,
 Then she must haue her praise, thy Pen her thanks.

So vanisht she, and left me to returne
To prosecute the tenor of my woes,
Eternall matter for my Muse to mourne :
But (yet) the world hath heard too much of those,
My youth such errors must no more disclose,
 Ile hide the rest, and grieue for what hath beene ;
 Who made me knowne, must make me liue vnseene. 910

THE END.



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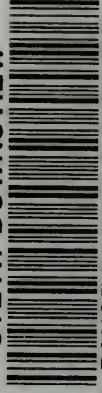
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